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Frayed Edges

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The Day That Never Happened

by Joshua Ziemann

to morn I cross a threshold dear
a-soak with wine of utter hope
fermented fruit of love in fear
through darkness for your hand I grope

for fully one un-tinctured day
I coughed on turgid water dun
though tempest tossed, awash in splay
I burned quite dry beneath no sun

your silence sword can never pierce
nor render me a fate so fair
as rend from me this love so fierce
and eyes so soaked from utter care

for You I clawed and called today
to slash vain hope and simply let me die

Frayed Edges

by Maureen Tolman Flannery

She is a truculent girl
on the frayed edges of several worlds.
She loves the parents she does not resemble,
knows the chrome-hard kids she hangs with
whose souls are nothing like her own,
studies among those who live nearby
and thinks she doesn't look like one of them.
She curses away the people she most cares about
and fills the voided space with safe replacements.
With her little-girlness wandering
and seldom coming back,
she covers her darkness in black
and sometimes cuts for color -
hibiscus crimson.
And sometimes cuts to see
the secret Mayan blood that travels
back roads beneath her skin.